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FREEDOM'S BANNER. 11.

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A SERMON

PREACHED TO THE

COLDWATER LIGHT ARTILLERY,

AND THE

COLDWATER ZOUAVE CADETS,

APRIL 28th, 1861;

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## A SERMON.

Psalm LX: 3, 4, 5. *"Thou hast showed thy people hard things: Thou hast made us to drink the wine of astonishment: Thou hast given a Banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth, (Selah!) that thy beloved may be delivered. Save, with thy right hand, and hear me!"*

The principle of non-resistance is beautiful, but not always practicable. A generous foe, who can appreciate the noble and magnanimous, may readily be disarmed by peaceful firmness. If, when he has smitten thee on thy right cheek, thou turn to him the other also, his hand will be paralyzed; he cannot strike again. But when you have a treacherous enemy, who cannot understand your patient forbearance,—who meets all your pacific advances by curses and blows,—then the instinct of self-defense demands, justly, that force should be repelled by force. And in the ensuing contest, it is your privilege to invoke the blessing of God upon your arms. Even the Prince of Peace once found it necessary to say to his followers: *"He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one."*

Periods justifying the repetition of that direction, sometimes occur in the history of nations. They are periods when all righteous measures for preserving peace have been used in vain; when the honor, the property, the existence of the nation is imperiled. At such times "An appeal to arms,

and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us." In 1776 we fought for the *establishment* of a free government; we are now struggling for the *maintenance* of a free government. King George assailed us, because he deemed us feeble, and unable to resist oppression; King Davis marches upon us, because he thinks us too cowardly to defend our liberties. To the British Monarch we showed, that though few and unarmed, we were strong in a *holy* cause; and to the Southern Tyrant we are to prove that, though peaceful, we are courageous, when the same cause is endangered. Now, as then, every man is called upon to give his money, his voice, his arm—yea, and his *life*, if required, in defense of Liberty and Equality. Now, as then, we are called upon to show to the world that our *Declaration of Independence* was made in earnest!

Under existing circumstances, the language of the text needs but slight modification to be entirely appropriate to our own use: God has showed his people, here in America, hard things; he has made us to drink the wine of astonishment; he has given us a BANNER—aye! the glorious Star Spangled Banner; he has given it to us, not merely to be flaunted upon the breeze on gala days, but that it may be displayed because of the truth. If we faithfully display that Banner *wherever it ought to be unfurled*, we shall be delivered by the right hand of the Lord God of Hosts.

These different thoughts I propose to unfold before you, in the order in which they stand. Recall,

I. *The "Hard things" that have been showed to the American people.*

Although we have been in numerous particulars remarkably blest, we have, also, been called to pass through many trying scenes. It was *hard* for our forefathers to leave their comfortable homes in the old world, to cross the stormy Atlantic in unseaworthy vessels, and in mid-winter, to land as unprotected Pilgrims, upon the inhospitable shores of a continent whose only inhabitants were ruthless barbarians. It was hard for them to struggle for years, as they did, with treacherous Indians who were continually conspiring against their lives, and before whose arrows many of them fell.

It was *hard* for them to receive but little sympathy, and much oppression, from their mother-land. Our nation passed through many, many hardships, in its infancy. And then during adolescence, what difficulties were to be surmounted, what dangers to be met, what foes to be overcome! Even after the American people had carved out for themselves homes in the new world, the Lord showed them "hard things," in suffering the oppressions and wrongs of England to accumulate so greatly as to necessitate the Revolutionary War, in which for eight long years, brothers were arrayed against brothers. Those were the "days that tried men's souls!" Our fathers came out from the war exhausted, embarrassed, and almost destitute of the means of subsistence; but they came out FREEMEN!

This is not the time nor place for recounting all our national trials. They have been numerous and great. Out of them all the Lord has thus far delivered us; and amid them all he has signally blest us. Against the Indian, the Frenchman, the Briton, and the Mexican, we have fought until victory perched upon our standards. In wars, just or unjust, we never have been vanquished.

But now comes the hardest of all our trials. Our "*brethren* have dealt deceitfully as a brook." Those in whom we have trusted; by whose side we have walked in peace and fought in battle; those who have met with us in our national councils; whose virtues we have extolled, and whose failures and faults, we have, most of us, endeavored to screen from the scornful glances of an indignant world;—*these* men have arisen in arms against us; *these* men

with traitorous hands, have robbed the nation of territory, treasure, munitions of war, forts, arsenals, and other public works; and worst of all, they have defrauded us of our peace and prosperity, our self-respect and our good name among the nations of the earth.

Yet they are plotting still deeper wrongs, still more daring treason. With the spirit of Cain, who slew his unoffending brother, they are thirsting for our blood,—the blood of their *brethren*,—their brethren who never have wronged them! They are thirsting for it,—aye! and some of them have tasted it already. A merciful Providence shielded the heroic garrison of Fort Sumter; as though to give murderous secessionists time for further reflection, before levelling again deadly weapons at the hearts of their brothers. But those weapons have been pointed once more,—and this time with fatal effect. Our defenders, while peacefully marching to protect the capitol from invasion, were assaulted and slain in the streets of Baltimore.

On the 19th of April, 1775, in Lexington, was the first blood shed in the Revolutionary war. On the 19th of April, 1861, in Baltimore, was the first blood shed in the new struggle for Republican government. And in both instances, the old Bay State furnished the initiatory sacrifice.\* All honor to Massachusetts! May the blessing of God attend her and her brave sons forever!

The war is actually *begun*, and begun by the Rebels! President Lincoln's proclamation is, by no means, a Declaration of War. He does not call upon us to invade the proper territory of our fratricidal foe. He calls on us to defend our government, to secure its possessions and to enforce its laws. We are to do this by peaceable means, if we can; by forcible, if we must. As yet, not a single position has been regained, not a single law enforced upon the rebels. Instead of laying down their arms, and giving up the public property seized, they have robbed the nation of *more* forts, treasure, arms and territory, and have proceeded to blood-shed! Truly the Lord has showed us "hard things"! It is hard, *hard* indeed, to be thus plunged into a most causeless civil war. And we have shrunk from it, and have sought to avert the calamity, until all manly and righteous means have been exhausted. And now we must *fight*. There is no alternative, but in ignominious submission to tyranny. I trust we should, all of us, be willing to shed our hearts' blood, before accepting that alternative! What is life worth without liberty? What is this government worth, if it is to be administered otherwise than according to the consent of the governed? The Lord has showed us many hard things, but all past calamities would be richest blessings, compared with the surrender of our free principles and the erasure of the Declaration of Independence, at the mandate of Traitors!

## II. *We have been made "to drink the wine of astonishment."*

The history of the American Republic is without parallel. No other nation has been so grievously wronged, so triumphantly victorious, so thoroughly independent, and so greatly blessed of God, as our own. Our annals are a continued record of wonders.

It is a wonder, that a handful of persecuted Puritans could have laid the foundations of so vast a Republic!

It is a wonder, that such varied materials, brought from all parts of the world, should have been built so successfully into the superstructure!

It is a wonder, that the American Eagle, with but half-grown talons, should twice have vanquished the British Lion!

It is a wonder, that without a standing army, or what any European nation

\*It is also said, that the first man who fell dead in the streets of Baltimore, was a lineal descendant of the first man shot at Lexington. A striking coincidence!

would call a powerful naval force, we have thus far been able to repel all our foes, enlarge our borders according to our pleasure, and make our name honored and feared the globe around!

It is a wonder, that without any royal patronage, we have made such astonishing advances in the arts and sciences; and that without a National Church, Religion has been so heartily cherished and so readily maintained in its outward manifestations!

It is a wonder that, up to the year 1860, the people of these United States should have passed through a peaceful revolution every *four* years.

It is a wonder that, while the Lord has showed us so many "hard things," he should have enabled us to grow up through them all, to our present dimensions!

All these have been *pleasant* ingredients in our "wine of astonishment."—But during the past six months they have been intermingled with elements most bitter. A party has now reached its culmination, that arose in 1828—the *Disunion Party*. It was born in Charleston, S. C., and came near being killed when but four years old, by a certain native of that State, named ANDREW JACKSON! \* Unfortunately the blow was not entirely fatal.—The Party recovered its strength, and has since been extending its influence and augmenting its resources, until now it has become a formidable Power. This faction has always been intensely pro-slavery, making increasingly extravagant demands in behalf of its favorite institution, and threatening to dissolve the Union, if its orders were not promptly obeyed. And in every instance, I believe, *they have been obeyed*, either directly, or by compromise! I will not now enumerate these instances of obedience, nor speak of their bearing either on politics or religion; but for further development of the subject I will employ the words of Hon. S. A. Douglas. Asks Mr. Douglas, in his patriotic speech at Springfield, (Ill.,) on the 25th of April; "At what time, since the government was organized, have the constitutional rights of the South been more secure than now? For the first time since the Constitution was adopted, there is no legal restriction against the spread of slavery in the Territories. When was the Fugitive Slave Law more faithfully executed?—What single act has been done to justify this mad attempt to overthrow the Republic?" Let that last question be repeated: "*What single act has been done to justify the mad attempt?*"

What can be more *astonishing* than that a portion of the Southern States should have so causelessly opened the floodgates of civil war? If anything *can* be more so, it is this: that they should seek to justify themselves in their rebellion; that they should consider themselves persecuted and oppressed; that they should compare themselves to the Revolutionary heroes; that, while disregarding every principle of justice and morality, they should confidently appeal to the Bible as their warrant, and to God both as their witness and their defender!

But these things do not complete the catalogue of wonders. What amazing folly for these rebellious Southerners to conclude, because a large and influential party at the North were opposed to the policy of the present administration, that, therefore, they are traitors like themselves! Thank God! they are mistaken on that point! We are a unit at the North in the cause of our country. On various questions of governmental duty and policy we doubtless differ still; but we are none of us so base, or so insane, as to rejoice over a mutilated constitution, a dissevered and conflicting nation, and a flag dis-

\* Singularly enough, the New Am. Cyclopædia assigns North Carolina as the State of Jackson's nativity. He was born at Waxhaw Settlement, South Carolina. (See Statesman's Manual, Vol. I, p. 671, *et al.*) In his famous Proclamation, (Dec. 11th, 1832), he addresses the people of South Carolina as, "Fellow citizens of my native State!" Surely he knew where he was born! The mistake of the Cyclopædia probably arose from the fact that Waxhaw is near the State line.

honored and trampled in the dust. The Southern Rebels unquestionably consider one-half of us traitors, the other half tyrants, and all of us cowards. Before the year 1861 is buried with the past, they shall discover their mistake! It has been well said that the only *aid* Southern Rebels may rationally expect from the North will be *cannon-ade*. They shall have as much of that as is necessary!

Yet, seriously, how astonishing is the delusion of the secessionists relative to the character and principles of Northern men. Because we are wealthy, they think us utterly corrupt; because we are industrious, they judge us to be slavish; because we listen to all they have to say in defense of their institutions, and have also granted in full their oftentimes exacting demands, they think we will let them do anything they may choose; because we will not fight duels, and because we shrink back from declaring war for any trivial cause, they brand us as cowards.

Has not God sent upon them "strong delusion that they should believe a lie?" They seem to have no desire whatever to learn the *truth* about anything. If anybody undertakes to tell them the truth, they *hang* him! And as to their boasted *chivalry*, I am beginning to think it a part of that same delusion. The very first warlike movement of the rebel army was certainly anything but chivalrous. The garrison at Fort Sumter, numbering in all but 105, (including workmen and musicians,) was attacked by 8,000 troops. That garrison was at the point of starvation. All supplies had been cut off from Charleston. The men had signified their willingness to evacuate the Fort upon honorable conditions. Under these circumstances the attack was made. And the only assignable reason for such an unheard of procedure was, that the U. S. Government proposed, by an unarmed vessel, to supply those starving men with food! While the barracks were burning, the guns from Fort Moultrie cruelly continued to pour in *red hot shot*! And it is said, by the Charlestonians themselves, that the "batteries fired upon the rafts from which Major Anderson's men were passing up water to extinguish the flames!"\* Yet, after all, the heroic garrison did not surrender, but simply evacuated Fort Sumter, on the terms originally proposed, prior to the commencement of hostilities, and marched out with colors flying, and drums beating, bringing away company and private property and saluting the American Flag with fifty guns.†

What now are we to think of "Southern chivalry?" Hot-headed, enthusiastic, impetuous, fiery, dangerous, barbarous, murderous,—all these adjectives are appropriate to the rebel army; but call them not *chivalrous*, after hearing the story of Fort Sumter! Should this great government actually fall and perish, by the agency of such a force, it would be the wonder of wonders, and the cup of our astonishment would overflow!

### III. *God has given a Banner to them that fear Him.*

Every nation has its banner; but not always as the gift of God. What is a banner? Why should we care more for the American Flag than for any other piece of cloth? The question has been asked, by some, why the nation should be plunged into war on account of a strip of striped and spotted bunting? Let me ask such men what a banner is? what it signifies? why we take pride in displaying our banner from flag-staffs, house-tops, church-steeple and from all our public buildings of every kind? Why do we carry the Star

\* "When the barracks were on fire, and the men were compelled to cover their faces with we handkerchiefs, and lie with their faces upon the ground to avoid suffocation, instead of sending a white flag, with assistance to extinguish the flames, they rapidly increased their fire upon us, from every battery, in total disregard of every feeling of humanity." Extract from Major Anderson's remarks to the citizens of Taunton, Mass.

† See Major Anderson's Official Report to the Secretary of War, April 18th, 1861.

Spangled Banner in the van of our armies, and why does it float from the mast-head of every American vessel? Why did the cannon-balls, which, during the bombardment of Fort Sumter, were continually aimed at the glorious flag flying above its battlements, seem to every patriotic heart to be aimed at that heart itself? What does all this mean? Is it all a senseless idolatry, as some have not hesitated to affirm? Or is it not indicative of something great and exalted? Does it not reveal the existence of noble principles, truly patriotic feelings, and a just appreciation of the privileges we enjoy?

Allow me to unfold the meaning of the American Flag. The thirteen stripes represent the original thirteen States; the thirty-four stars on the field of blue, represent the thirty-four States now belonging to this Union.\* And hence wherever that flag is borne it is the symbol of the *United States*. It is also emblematical of the principles which they united to maintain. It is a memorial, too, of the struggles through which the Union was originated, and whereby it has been preserved hitherto. As we gaze upon that beautiful banner of the American Republic, we think of the heroes of '76; we call to mind their glorious Declaration of Independence, the great charter of our liberties; we remember their sublime patriotism, their deeds of daring, their sufferings, their wounds, their final victory. It brings to mind the solemn compact whereby, in 1789, our fathers bound themselves and their posterity forever to abide by the Constitution of the United States of America. That Banner means all this, to one who gazes on it understandingly. It meant all this to Francis S. Key when, detained as a prisoner of war on board a British frigate, (in 1814,) he was compelled to witness the unexpected assault on Fort McHenry by his country's foes. Through the long, dark night he watched, with beating heart, the flag of his native land, as it was from time to time disclosed to view by the glaring rockets and the bursting bombs. When, by the dawn's early light, he saw that flag, tattered and torn, but still proudly and defiantly floating over the patriot host, he composed the immortal song of the "*Star Spangled Banner*;" a song familiar now to every American lip and heart.

Ah! The flag of our country is a *sacred*, as well as a national emblem!—All over its broad folds are inscribed, in letters of light, God given truths, undying principles, hallowed memories! Our text tells us that Jehovah gave, in days of old, a banner to them that feared him. Is it irreverent to say that Freedom's Banner is also a gift from Him to this Christian nation? That sacred standard is not to be spoken of lightly, as a worthless toy! It is not a mere ornamental appendage. *God* gave it to this Republic for a holy purpose. He gave it, as he gave a banner to his ancient people,

#### IV. *That it may be displayed because of the truth.*

In times of peace we may, if we choose, roll it together, and unfurl it only on the great National holidays. But when the great principles of which it is the emblem, are endangered, he has a traitor's heart, who will not honor his country's flag by a public and enthusiastic display of its colors. He has a *traitor's* heart, I say, who does not love the American flag; who does not glory in seeing it float on the breeze; who will not defend it when assailed.

Especially is this assertion true, in these days of high-handed rebellion,—

\* *The National Flag* was adopted June 14, 1777, and is "Made of bunting, 35 feet fly, and 20 feet hoist, in thirteen horizontal stripes of equal breadth, alternately red and white, beginning with the red.—In the upper quarter, next to the staff, is the Union, composed of a number of white stars, equal to the number of States, on a blue field, one-third the length of the flag, extending to the lower edge of the fourth red stripe from the top." (Army Regulations, § 1338.) The storm flag, the recruiting flag, and the first colors of all regiments, are made after this pattern, with slight modifications, not necessary to be mentioned here. Regimental and camp colors, standards and guidons are altogether different from the national flag. (See Army Regulations, Article I.)

days in which the Rattlesnake Flag\* is flapped in the face of the Goddess of Liberty; while those who carry it hiss: "*Southern Rights or secession*"!—Ah! That Rattlesnake Flag is the Devil's gift to his own chosen people; for he was the *first* Secessionist, and may well be supposed to take a lively interest in that little State which so closely follows his example, by initiating secession from the most Christian government on earth.

God has given us *our* banner, the emblem of civil and religious liberty; and he commands us to display it because of the truth. To obey ~~that~~ mandate will cost the shedding of blood,—the blood of our former friends and brothers; perhaps the shedding of our own also; yet it must be obeyed! We are commanded on the other hand, by the Southern Rebels, either to change the meaning of our national ensign, making it the emblem of oppression and tyranny; or to stand quietly by and see stripe after stripe obscured, star after star fade away, splendor after splendor dimmed and lost forever! What shall be our choice?

That glorious Banner has been honored and beloved in times of war and in times of peace. When Washington, the Father of his country, presided over the Convention by which the Constitution was framed, it was displayed above his venerated head. It has floated above all our Presidents. Beneath it have stood Washington, Adams and Jefferson; Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams; Jackson and Van Buren; Harrison and Tyler; Polk, Taylor and Fillmore; Pierce, Buchanan, and Lincoln. *Is that list complete?* Does the *last* President of the United States now stand beneath the American Flag? Does he appeal to its protecting folds *in vain*? Forbid it, Heaven!—Beneath that Flag our National councils have sat for three quarters of a century. It is waving to-day from the Capitol-Dome at Washington. Shall it be displaced by the flag of the Rebellious Confederacy?

The Star Spangled Banner has been displayed in foreign ports, in oriental seas, amid arctic and antarctic storms and icebergs. It has been made a familiar sign to all the nations of the earth, being recognized everywhere as the emblem of a great Christian Republic. Shall it divide its honors now with another flag, whose presence would continually reveal our weakness and disgrace? Freedom's Banner has been carried successfully through a thousand battles at home and abroad; on land and on sea. Shall it now be cast to the ground, stained, dishonored, torn, assunder, trampled in the dust by Southern Rebels? It has been done already,—the dastardly deed,—again and again; and even men who but recently occupied seats in the U. S. Senate, have vied with bullies and ruffians in heaping insults upon the U. S. Flag, because it was *Freedom's Banner*! By the voice of indignant myriads, by the voice of generations yet unborn, by the voice of God who gave us that Banner, we are called upon to lift it from the dust, to shake out its ample folds and to display it again *because of the truth*!

Our work as a Model Republic is but half done. We are yet to show to the world that we have cohesion and governmental power; that we are not a mere voluntary association for the promotion of temporary interests,—not a mere debating society,—but that we are a veritable government, in which the majority rules through agencies established; by law and that armed rebellion can be punished here as well as in a Monarchy. There are many other noble things that we are yet to do and prove, establish and enforce, as the recognized champions of civil and religious liberty. God cannot have us stop where we are, and defraud millions yet to come, of the blessings granted to us by

\*The flag of South Carolina, as everybody knows, bears a Palmetto tree guarded by a serpent. Did not a *serpent* and a *tree* also play a part in the Secession of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden and the Government of God?



his liberal hand. The great work of the American Republic must go on, even though the march of Freedom should sweep thousands of rebels into the jaws of death! The selfish and imaginary interests of a few hundred thousands, must give way to the *real* interests of millions who now are, and of millions who hereafter shall be, interested in the maintenance of this free government, with all its mild, beneficent and Christian laws.

We will not dally then, nor tarry; but "*In the name of our God we will set up our Banners.*" We will elevate them again, wherever they have been cast down. Beginning with Fort Sumter, we will continue the heroic work until the Stars and Stripes float once more above every fort, arsenal and navy-yard, of which the rebels have robbed us! Yes! and let the work go on, until the eyes of every Southern man, in city, village, and hamlet, become thoroughly accustomed to the significant splendors of the National Standard; until every Southern voice can sincerely speak those words of energetic patriotism which we are so proud to utter.

"Flag of the free heart's only home;  
By angel-hands to valor given;  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in Heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet!  
Where breathes the foe—but falls before us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's Banner floating o'er us!"

V. *Thy beloved may be delivered.*

When God has given a banner to a nation, (i. e. when he has communicated to it certain great principles,) he requires it to uphold that banner before the world, in the face of all opposition. If this is faithfully done, His blessing will follow; He will *deliver his beloved*! All the hosts of Hell shall encamp against them in vain! How often has God delivered those who have been true to the talents reposed to their keeping! Many an instance of this might be cited from the history of the ancient Jews, and from that of modern Christian nations. The annals of our own Republic furnish numerous and striking examples of the way in which God holds his shield over those who manfully fight for the truth! If the Banner of Freedom *now* falls from our grasp, it will be because we do not love it. If we suffer *it* to fall, God will suffer *us* to fall; and the banner, with all its streaming glories, He will give to some other nation. Italy, Hungary, even Russia, may become the honored standard-bearer; for the fires of liberty are already kindling over all their mountains. But we cannot relinquish our place in the van of Freedom's host. We *must* maintain our principles, and thus preserve our privileges.

War is a terrible evil; and its worst form is that of civil war. God forbid that I should unnecessarily fan the spirit of war! There is no such thing as a righteous war, *on both sides*. But it is right, in defense of life, property, liberty, and religion, to resist, even unto death. There are worse evils than war. Despotism is worse. Anarchy is worse. The forfeiture, in any way, of our inestimable privileges as citizens of a free nation; of our high and honorable name; of our cherished principles; of our noble enterprise and our exalted hopes;—all this is infinitely worse than war!

Thus has our Government itself decided, after long exercise of forbearance toward those who from the first deserved the halter. Most deliberately and reluctantly has the decision been reached that an appeal must be made to arms. So very tardy were the first movements of the Government, that general distrust was aroused, and not a few even went so far as to say, that the Union *was not worth saving*! Amid this time of darkness and fear, when men's hearts failed them, and when despots and tyrants were beginning to point at us the finger of derision, and to laugh over our miserable failure—lo! the

BANNER is displayed, symbol of all our national blessings, and around it at the President's call, myriads are rallying. The days of '76 are paralleled. Every minor difference is forgotten. Party lines are erased. We are all Democrats. We are all Republicans. But one line of distinction is now drawn between men, that which classifies them as *Patriots* and *Traitors*! The banner is displayed because of the truth—the truth as held by all liberty-loving hearts; and since the mighty truth of God has been honored by us, He bestows a blessing already, even before we have struck a single blow in its behalf. Never before has there been manifested such cordial good will and affectionate regard among men of all parties, sects and ranks, as is exhibited this day. Within two weeks past, we have sounded deeper wells of fraternal love, and have discovered stronger springs of genuine patriotism than we supposed were in existence! The President called for 75,000 troops. In response the nation has placed at his disposal two millions of fighting men, supported by an aggregate offer of two hundred and ninety millions of dollars!\* There is not another nation on the globe in which such a thing could be done! How it testifies to the loyalty of the Americans to their Constitution and their laws! What a display of patriotism! What a grand rally of Freemen around Freedom's Banner!

Surely, the issue of a contest thus begun, cannot be doubtful or uncertain! Perhaps the startled rebels will pause, reflect, count the cost, and resolve to lay down their arms without a bloody and terrible collision. Yet it is to be feared that they are too thoroughly committed, and too drunken with treason, to retrace their steps at this late hour. I pray God that they may! But if they still provoke the thunderbolts of Justice, those bolts will be hurled by a strong arm—and I believe that God will guide them to their destination, destroy the traitors, and give his beloved a peaceful home again.

Throughout the contest on which we have entered, it should be remembered that the war is not between rival nations, nor opposing political parties, nor contending sections. It is not even a war between the North and the South; but it is a war between *Patriots* and *Traitors*! A majority of our Southern brethren, as we have reason to suppose, are still animated by patriotic feelings. But they are crushed down and silenced by an armed minority. This appears from the illegal manner in which, in every seceded State, the ordinance of secession has been passed. The people have nowhere had a fair opportunity of expressing their real sentiments. In this opinion we are confirmed by two facts—viz: that the rebels find it so hard to raise the men and money needed; and that patriotic Southerners are continually sacrificing their property for the sake of removing to the Northern States. Let it be remembered that the war is between Patriots and Traitors. Let it, therefore, be, if possible, quick, sharp and decisive, that the majesty of the law may be vindicated!

For once, might and right are on the same side. Disbelieving in the "Divine right of Kings" to do wrong, we still hold to the words of Paul: "The powers that be, are ordained of God." and that the Magistrate "Beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God; a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." Our government is the best on earth. Its life is in danger; hence the use of the sword, at the command of the Chief Magistrate, becomes a religious duty. If a religious duty, God will help us to discharge it; and "if God be for us, who can be against us?" If He help us, we cannot fail!

*American Liberty was born in 1761†; its knell shall not be tolled in 1861!*

\*The estimate of the New York World.

†In February, 1761, JAMES OTIS denounced British tyranny so boldly, that JOHN ADAMS, who was present, afterwards said: "OTIS was a flame of fire! Every man of an immensely crowded audience went away ready to take up arms. \* \* \* Then and there was the first scene of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain; then and there American independence was born!"

**SOLDIERS OF THE LIGHT ARTILLERY AND ZOUAVE CADETS!**—The sermon preached this day is for *you*. It has been my privilege to preach it, at your request, in the presence of this great congregation; in the presence of your friends, parents, brothers and sisters, and others who are probably nearer and dearer still than they.

I have endeavored to impress you with the conviction, that the cause in which you have embarked is righteous, and will be successful. I have, led by my text, recounted the hard things that the Lord has showed us; analysed the wine of astonishment he has made us to drink; spoken with unfeigned enthusiasm of the Banner he has given us; exhorted you to display it because of the truth and for the deliverance of his beloved. In all this I have been seriously *in earnest*. Yet my words, though sometimes strongly indignant, have been uttered, in the main, for the *comfort* of yourselves and these friends from whom you are so soon to depart for the exposures of the camp and the dangers of the field. When swords flash, cannon roar and bullets rattle like hail, it will nerve your arm to be convinced, beyond a peradventure, that you are *battling for the right*. In that hour of strife, you can with clear consciences look aloft for God's blessing upon your arms. And during all the period of your absence, pious hearts here at home will be consistently, as well as earnestly praying for your success in the discharge of your perilous duties.

*We all shall pray for you.* Brethren of the Christian ministry! shall we not pledge ourselves to pray for these valiant men? Forbidden by our office from bearing arms, (save in the hour of dire necessity,) we are commanded to pray. Every Sabbath day we shall therefore send up our petitions to the God of Hosts in behalf of these defenders of civil and religious freedom. And there will be many family circles praying for you, soldiers, that you may be brave and successful, and that when your country's battles are fought and won, you may be restored to bind together once more those broken home-circles. And there will be voices lifted up in secret to our "Father who seeth in secret," that he may "reward you openly;"—unselfish petitions offered by loving, yet loyal hearts, that bleed to have you go.

Esponsing such a cause, and followed by such prayers, do you not, each one seem to hear the Lord saying as he said to Joshua? "Be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law; \* \* \* \* \* for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success. Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

Soldiers! you will be exposed to many dangers in the campaign on which you are entering; but the greatest danger will be that of forgetting "the Captain of your salvation." (Heb. II: 10.) He is the source of all power and strength. "For there is no power but of God." (Rom. XIII: 1.) Be faithful in reading the scriptures! Be steadfast in the discharge of all Christian duties! Suffer not the temptations usually incident to military life to ensnare your feet! You owe allegiance to God as well as to your country. Illustrous examples are before you, of Christian warriors. Remember that such men have lived as Cromwell, Washington, Havelock, Vicars and Garibaldi,—men as strong in prayer as in battle!

If, in the hour of deadly combat, your eye discerns, above the gory, glancing sabres, and glistening bayonets, above the struggling, furious battalions, above the wild wreaths of battle-smoke, the Star Spangled Banner, still waving proud defiance to the foe, your souls will be filled with fresh ardor, and your gallant arms will be nerved for fresh endeavor. But if you would

be fired by an enthusiastic courage that no foe on earth can resist, look still higher, above the battle's wild confusion, and discern by the eye of faith, Him who gave our country that glorious Banner, with all its precious meanings and hallowed memories!

Soldiers! we must soon bid you *farewell*! On the morrow you go to join the United States Army in regular service. We glory in your bravery! We believe that every man of you is ready to lay down his life in defense of his country's rights and his country's honor. Tears may be shed—aye! many tears *will* be shed, when the hour for your departure has come. Yet we none of us would bid you stay! Do not *our* hearts, also, burn with the fires of patriotism? We bid you go! Seek the rank where dangers are thickest!—Deal the heaviest blows!

“Strike! Till the last armed foe expires!

Strike! For your altars and your fires!

Strike! For the green graves of your sires,

God, and your native land!”

When the red cloud of war shall have rolled away from our sky, and the thunder of artillery be hushed; when liberty, honor and law have been vindicated, and peace established on an abiding foundation,—if God spares your lives, we shall most gladly welcome you again to our homes and our hearts! But if your ranks shall have been thinned by the foe, if any of these gallant forms shall have been laid in the dust; be assured that we shall cherish your memories, we shall give your names the place in our hearts reserved for patriots and heroes, we shall recount your deeds of valor to our children's children; and more than all else, we shall hope to greet you again in the land of eternal blessedness, where sweet peace forever smiles, and where partings are unknown.

With one consent we therefore bid you: *Go forward to meet the foe!* You are beckoned away by the genius of American Liberty; you are cheered on by the acclamations of admiring thousands; you march beneath that grand Banner of Freedom, about which so much has been said to-day, and which you are commanded to display because of the truth, that the Lord's beloved may be delivered.

Take with you that ancient benediction, which Aaron and his sons were accustomed to pronounce over the assembled Hosts of Israel:

“The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.” AMEN.